12.
(7)

ΓΙΓΑΝΤΟΜΑΧΙΑ.

OR

A Full, and True

RELATION

Of the Great and

Bloody Fight,

BETWEEN

Three PAGAN KNIGHTS,

AND A

CHRISTIAN GYANT.

LONDON,

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UM

ΓΙΓΑΝΤΟΜΑΧΙΑ.

OF Monſters fell, and wondrous Wights,
Of Tow'rs Inchanted, bloudy Fights,
Of ERRANT Knaves, and ERRANT Knights
I ſhall Compoſe my Ballad;

How a huge Gyant Fierce and Stout,
Three Gentle KNIGHTS at once did Rout;
Of which, if you the Truth do Doubt,
The Record's in my Wallet.

Contrary to Romantick Rules,
By Snatches ſweetly Con'd at Schools,
Which always make the biggeſt Fools,
Truth here takes part with Gyant,

For He the Knight's thick Skulls did Crack,
He laid their Honours on the Back,
And did their Ribs full rudely Thwack,
To make their Purſes Plyant.

Thou great St. *George*, and *Eglamore*,
Thou *Pegaſus*, and *Brigliadore*,
With all hard Names that Poets Roar,
And for their Gods have taken,
Merlin that made the Dee'l an Aſs,
Bladud-ap-creat-Rud-Hudibraſs,
That through the Air like Owl could paſs,
And Famous Fryar Bacon;

Aſſiſt, Aſſiſt my Mournful Song!
Mingle your pow'rful Charms Among,
With whiſper'd Numbers, Dark and Strong,
Whilſt I the Liſts do Enter!

Hence all Profaneneſs! come not Near
T' Invade the Sacred Rituals Here,
Nor Wine, nor Mony, nor good Cheer,
To hinder mine Adventure.

An Iſle there is, that *Albion* Hight,
With Fruits and Flowers, around Bedight,
Where Damſel fair, and gentle Knight,
In every Shade are Playing,
Where *Nightingales* each Tree Adorn,
Spurring their Breaſts with watchful Thorn
Throughout the Year, where ev'ry Morn
The Virgins go a Maying.

A Town it has, which Fiends Inchant,
Where Brideled Furies Roar and Rant,
In olden times, hight *Troynovant*,
But now 'tis London *Stiled.*

Which By full many a Dev'lish Spell
And Brands and Balls fetch'd up from Hell,
In its own Cindars Buried Fell,
Of all its Glory Spoiled.

But when *Rome*'s Thrid-bare Plots were Spy'd,
Her Charms unravel'd, Knots Unty'd,
'Twas gloriously Re-edifi'd,
Far Noblier than by th' Founder;

Bright Turrets in th' Invaded Air,
By Negromantick Art they Rear;
With Stately Domes, and Houses Fair,
Besprinkling all around Her.

Here the Learn'd Sages every Year,
In Venerable Furs appear,
To chuse a CHRISTIAN Officer,
That may provide 'em Furies;

This makes the PAGAN-TORIES Rave,
Because their stakes they cannot Save;
This makes *ROGERO* Strut and Brave,
With all his Club of Furies.

Some

Some Renegado's ſtile you Can,
Two Knights, but ne're a Gentleman,
Sometimes on the hot Scent they Ran
A hunting for Promotion,
And now and then for nimble Bounds,
Or treading down their Neighbours Grounds,
Their Dog-lookt Friends amongſt the Hounds,
Are Dubd with great Devotion.

Such Recreant Knights, accoutred Fine
With Sword and Mace, their Steps Incline
To a large Houſe, where Sin and Wine
On equal Tearms are Vended:
Its name I know not, tho' 'tis Sed
And thought by moſt, 'twas the Popes-Head,
For there like Friends they might be Sped,
And carefully Attended.

The firſt was of as ſtrong a make,
As ever Lance in Juſting Brake,
Or handled Sword for Ladies Sake,
In Turky *or in* Perſy:
From Top to Toe, from Head to Heel,
He Cas'd himſelf in Burniſh'd Steel;
For Yard, a Spear he now does Feel.
And Mail inſtead of Kerſy.

The next that carry'd on the Fight,
With ponderous Mace of mickle Might,
Was Hangman, Senator, and Knight,
A ſtrange Three-headed Monſter;
Whom Scandalizing Whigs in Sport,
When to their Brethren they Reſort,
That he's Ally'd to the *French*-Court,
By's name's reſemblance Conſter.

The *S——f* can't the *L——s* hide,
The Knightly Spurs muſt needs be ſpy'd,
Tho the Gold-Chain's about 'em ty'd,
The better to obſcure 'um;
Th' Aſs is an Aſs, tho Cloath'd he Be
In the caſt Robes of Majeſtie,
Tho his long Ears Beaſts cannot See,
From trembling to ſecure 'um.

The Third, a proper Man 'tis true,
But that his Legs did ſtand askew,
And both like *Sampſon's* Foxes grew,
One this way, that the other;
Nought but their equal Uglineſs,
Their equal Shape, and equal Dreſs,
Could make th' amaz'd Beholder Gueſs,
That this to that was Brother.

With

With him I would not enter Strife,
Nor try a Fall to save my Life,
For as a Bone upon a Knife,
My Legs would split on his-n:
This may without a stretch be Sed;
Upon my Neck should he but Tread,
He'd certainly cut off my Head,
Before my Tail were ris'n.

Enough of these, too much I fear;
Now of the Gyant you shall hear,
That did with Bloud their Chaps besmear,
And eke their sides Bumbasted;
How on their Skulls he Blows did Rain,
And kickt 'um down, and up Again;
How with no little Grief and Pain
They from his Clutches Hasted.

His outward Parts were something small;
'Twas th' inward Powers that Acted all;
Yet tho a Gyant him we call,
Let not the Tories blame us;
For as close Flames more fiercely Roll,
Imprison'd in a narrow Hole;
So 'twas his brave Gygantick SOUL
Made's Pygmee-Body Famous.

All Tory Cloath, and Drapers too,
With Fiſt, or elſe with Indigo,
He's us'd to die both Black and Blue,
The beſt in all the Nation;

And leſt his Cuſtomers be found,
Some do Suppoſe he has been bound,
By heavy Bagg of Hundred Pound,
To hide his Occupation.

This Dragon-firking *Hercules*,
This *Cadmus*, This---e'ne what you pleaſe,
That direful Monſters quell'd with Eaſe,
And Dragg'd from horrid Cavern;

The matter few Diſtinguiſh can,
Whether he freely thither Ran,
Or was Entic'd by a Trepan,
And Wheedled to the Tavern.

Who there Behind the Door ſhould Lurk,
But a falſe-misbelieving-Turk,
Who thus began the Devils Work,
With Glaſs faſt claſpt in Clutches.

Ah! Sir-ah! have we got you here?
Come Pledge a Health to th' Grand-VISIER,
Or elſe with ſpeed my Cimiter,
Shall make new room for Crutches.

Sad was the Christian Champion's case;
He had nor Battle-axe, nor Mace,
Yet Stoutly he took Heart-a-grace,
And thus Defies the Pagan:

False Recreant Wretch as 'ere did Wield,
An unbecoming Lance, or Shield!
My head, as soon as Knees I'le Yield,
To your great Bel, and Dragon.

Jack Adams struts about the Rooms,
And swears, and sinks, and cocks and fumes,
That thus one Stubborn Whig presumes,
On three Arm'd Knights to Venture;

Sirrah you Dog! d'ee prate, d'ye prate?
Must Captives then capitulate?
Dispatch; or else I'le break your pate,
And Ramm ye to the Center.

No sooner Said, no soner Done,
The Fight was instantly Begun;
A blow he Struck enough to Stun,
The Stoutest Knight in London:

Some fav'ring God, or powerful Charm,
To save a Courteous Knight from harm,
I'th' nick came underneath his arm,
Or there he had been undone.

The

The empty Sword ſlid glancing by;
Not ſo our Champion, who muſt try,
Bravely to Conquer, or to Dye,
By hand of miſcreant Heathen;
But ſince he ſaw the War begin,
He won't for nothing ſell his skin,
But if his reach they come within,
Hee'l give his Foes a breathing.

His Fiſt he bends, and dings it right,
At's Worſhip's Face with all his Might,
Down on the floor my gentle Knight,
All in a heap does tumble:
As when one *Mungril* you attack,
The yelping Cur your ſteps will track,
And raiſe the Pariſh on your back,
His Friends began to grumble.

In our Relation to be brief,
Sir *Simon Suck-egg* was the chief,
That brought his Brother Fool relief,
Than all his Fellows madder;
He by his *quondam* HONOURS Swore,
By forked Creſt the arms he bore,
And by his Miſtreſs, *alias* W——
To turn him o're the LADDER.

But tho his hands were thick, and long,
His Weapon ponderous, and ſtrong,
And he with Mace laid on ding-dong,
Yet ſtill our Champion tight-ſtood,

And after many a crabbed Jowle,
Putting aſide his weighty Pole,
He takes him 'ore the Jobbernole,
And down he fetcht poor Knight-hood.

In Triumph over them he goes,
Thinking he had conquer'd all his Foes,
And under his victorious Toes,
He ſtampt their batter'd Faces;

Sir *Simon*'s Beauty went to Pot,
That tho in Love he had been hot,
His Miſtreſs ſoon reſtore would not,
Her favours, and good Graces.

Beat Death's Alarm upon the Drums!
'Ware Shanks! 'Ware Shanks! Sir *Harry* comes;
He bit for Anger both his Thumbs,
And at our Champion yawned;

He like *Alcides* did provide,
To guard himſelf on either ſide,
When *Hydra*'s Coxcombs multiply'd,
And two for one were ſpawned.

With

With Corps erect, and Viſage grim,
One foot he plants on ſimple *Sim.*
Who ſadly growled under him;
Sir Bobb *ſupported t'other*:
With an undaunted Meen, and Air,
His conqu'ring Arms he high does Rear,
And for the third Aſſault prepare,
To drubb their Friend and Brother.

So have I ſeen a ſprightly Cat,
That purring in a Corner ſat,
In Ambuſcade for luſty Rat,
Sworn Foe to Cheeſe and Bacon;
When two young Mice that friſking out,
From a low Port of their Redoubt,
By Governours command to ſcout,
Were in her Clutches taken.

Their piercing Shrieks the Fort affright;
Out Sallies Ratt, prepar'd to fight,
As fierce as any TORY Knight,
Upon her madly falling;
Puſs in two Paws ſhuts captive Mice,
To hinder reſcue, or ſurpriſe;
With th' other at her Foe does riſe,
And down ſhe Cuffs him ſprawling.

Doughty

Doughty Sir *Hall*, a tiptoe Stands,
With mighty Fauchion reard in hands,
And Satisfaction demands,
For both his Friends Miſchances;
He Winks, and then Pel-mel lets drive,
Aiming his head in twain to rive;
That was the gentleſt Knight alive;
But flatlong on't it glances.

Our Champions Head, and Brains ran round,
Down he was ſinking in a ſound,
But yet as ſoon's he toucht the ground,
Up leapt he like Antæus (*a*)
The *Turks* arrears he payd him ſoon,
Tho he for grace did Importune,
And made him ſee more Stars at Noon,
Than e're did Galilæus (*b*)

In Vain the Wretch for help dos Bawl,
On back, and ſides, and face and all,
With Knightly proweſs he does fall,
And many a truſty greeting;
He laid on Load on empty Crown,
Until with a moſt gracious frown,
His honour too came Rattling down,
To give his Friends a meeting.

(*a*) Antæus: *a famous* Moorfields *wraſtler, who the oftener he was foil'd the more ſtrength he had.*

(*b*) Galilæus *an old Conjurer (kin to* Gadbury*) that ſaw the ſtars at noon with a ſpying glaſs.*

Stout

Stout Whig their Noſes gently tweaks,
Their Skuls, tho thick, all over breaks,
And his juſt Anger on 'em wreaks
For their Affront Notorious:

He rents their Lace, and Linen pure
(Who can ſo ſad a ſight endure?)
And Poynt-Crevats, and Garniture
That made 'em look ſo glorious.

Their empty Crowns rung jangling Peals,
Their Foe Chimes backward, and reveals
The Fire that their warm Ear conceals
Whilſt they're in woful pickle:

Had you but ſeen 'em how they Sat,
Spoil'd of their Cloak, and Band, and Hat,
You would conclude they had been at
A Briſtow-*Conventicle.*

Now on the Floor their Corps he ſpreads,
Now on their Neck in Tryumph treads,
Then diſoblig'd their LOGGERHEADS,
Jumbling them alltogether,

And if they once but Curſt, or Frown'd,
He roll'd em round, and round, and round,
Trayling their Cloaths about the Ground
They knew not how nor whether.

Sometimes

Sometimes on their Fat Guts he jumps,
Sometimes their Paunches rudely thumps,
And on their Heads makes Egg-like bumps,
Whilſt their poor Pates were addled;

Now he their Jaws accoſts with hand,
Now on his Legg prepar'd did ſtand,
To give their Tails a REPRIMAND,
And now their ſides he ſwadled.

Still he lets Drive his furious Blows,
Untill at laſt, as moſt ſuppoſe,
The reverent-Sirs affront his Noſe,
With PARACELSIAN Civet; (c)

(c) *A T—d they did!*

So crafty REYNARD now and then,
When outed by intruding men,
Be-ſ---- the cleanly Badgers Den,
To make its Land-Lord leave it.

The TORYS their bang'd ſides bemoan,
They ſadly yelp *O hone! O hone!*
And with full many a dolorous Groan,
Hold up their Paws for pity.

Sir *Bobb* and *Hal* did deeply yell,
But who his direful Plaints can tell,
That was, while it ſeem'd good to Hell,
A Burden to the City.

Thirteen-Pence-Half-penny hee'd beſtow
With generous Fiſt on Conqu'ring Foe,
If he'd be pleas'd to let him go
But for one livelong Moment;
But ſince ſome wiſer are than ſome,
Our Champion threatens with a Drum
Beating before to kick 'em home;
Although he never ſo meant.

As ſoon as they had ſtrength to riſe,
For Crick in Neck, in Back, in Thighs,
They lookt about to find their Eyes,
Thinking he'd beat 'em all out;
So have I ſeen a maimed Snail,
When by rude Heels its Rampires fail,
Dragging along its ſlimy Tail,
From thence attempt to crawl out.

The Chriſtian had a Noble Soul,
And when he ſaw 'em thus condole,
He grants 'em Freedom on Parole,
While Fame his Glory raiſes;
This Tell-tale Goddeſs had a Spy
That brought her word immediately;
About the City ſhe does flye,
And Trumpets out his Praiſes.

Of TORY Champions, fierce and ſtout,
London and *England* all throughout,
She the Atchievements ſpreads about,
And of their Valour Tattles;
But with ſlye Malice chiefly ſhe
Does magnifie their COURTESIE,
When they to odds muſt yield or flee,
In ſuch unequal Battels.

For when, by unexpected Chance,
One did againſt all Three advance,
They yielded out of Complaiſance,
And took a Civil Drubbing.
But ſince, although Cock-ſure, they fail,
And Three to One could not prevail,
This did the Hot-ſpur Courage quail
Of poor Heroick Robin.

Fame's a damn'd Whig they fret and cry,
(Screwing their Mouths up to their Eye)
If e're we meet her ſhe ſhall dye;
Kiſs and tell! Out upon her!
Fortune we find's a fickle Whore,
We'll never truſt the Gypſie more:
(Thus like a Bittern they did roar)
Our Honour! O our Honour!

Their

Their Friends adviſe 'em to Compound.
If luſty Dyer may be found,
And get him unto ſilence bound,
Although he hard to win is;
With ſenſe profound they gravely ſay,
'Twould be the beſt and ſafeſt way,
To lock his Lips with Silver Kay,
Or gag his Mouth with Guinies.

'Twas ſpoke, and inſtantly 'twas done;
Whilſt they their Pockets rummage, one
To every Coffee-Houſe does run,
To find Victorious DYER;
They reaſon'd on the point, and he
Becauſe they're Friends won't Diſagree,
But out of meer CIVILITIE
He grants 'em their Deſire.

Elſe how is he ſo chang'd become?
He anſwers nothing now but *Mum*!
To all Enquirers deaf and dumb,
Strangely retir'd o'th' ſudden.
Ask him about it, ask again,
Tho of his Silence you compiain,
Yet ſtill you'll ask, and ask in vain;
For, not a word o'th' Pudding.

There's

There's your true Spaniels for you, Sirs;
Kick 'em, they'll love you ne're the worſe,
But, like Good-Chriſtian-Honeſt-Curs,
Or Women of Moſcovy,
The longer Cudgel one provides,
To exerciſe their Back and Sides,
The longer their Good-will abides,
And they'll the longer love ye.

But, *Tories*, take a Friend's Advice,
Well-willer to your NOSE and EYES,
That never lik'd this Enterprize,
To Whig-land *ſo delighting:*
Drink for the DUKE while you can ſtand,
Chaſe all Phanaticks round the Land,
With Glaſſes ready charg'd in Hand;
But pray take heed of Fighting.

FINIS.

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